

Industrious Souldiership.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make vs know
What we shall say we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculatiue, their vnfore hopes relate,
But certaine issue, strokes must arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with
Drum and Colours.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siege to scorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyse?
A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I haue almost forgot the taste of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my fences would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-shrike, and my Fell of haire
Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre
As life were in't. I haue sup't full with horrors,
Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should haue dy'd heereafter;
There would haue beene a time for such a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdaies, haue lighted Fooles
The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That struts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to vie thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to doo't.

Macb. Well, say fir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnanne, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue.

Macb. Lye, and Slaue.

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three Mile may you see it conuincing,
I say, a mouing Groue.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Vpon the next Tree shall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equinocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnanne Wood
Do come to Dunfinane, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunfinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wish th'estate o'th'world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At least we'l dye with Harnesse on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

*Drumme and Colours.
Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army,
with Boughes.*

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
And shew like those you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Cousin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our first Battell. Worthy Macduffe, and wee
Shall take vpon's what else remaines to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, giue the all breath
Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt
Alarums continued.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They haue tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

T. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.

T. Sey. No: though thou call'st thy selfe a hotter name
Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

T. Sey. The diuell himselfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

T. Sey. Thou lyest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou speak'st.

Fight, and young Seyward slaine.

Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne,
Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noife is: Tyrant shew thy face,
If thou beest slaine, and with no stroke of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou Macbeth,
Or else my Sword with an vnbartered edge:
I sheath againe vndeeded. There thou should'st be,
By this great clatter, one of greatest noife

Seemes

Seemes bruided. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Cattles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,
And little is to do.

Malc. We haue met with Foes

That strike besidvs.

Sey. Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt. Alarums.*

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see liues, the gashes
Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men else I haue auoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I haue no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can giue thee out. *Fight: Alarums.*

Macb. Thou loofest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.

Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd
Tell thee, Macduffe was from his Mothers womb
Vntimely ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Iugling Fiends no more belceu'd,
That palter with vs in a double fence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before young Malcolmes feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though Byrnanne wood be come to Dunfinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macduffe,
And damnd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

FINIS